He needs no indirect nor lawfull course, *lawless*
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
bringing When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
The That Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee?
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage.
1. Thy brothers loue, the deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
Loue my I am his brother, and I loue him well:
meede If you be hirde for need, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloceſter,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloceſter hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I, ſo we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Bleſt his three ſonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his ſoule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided freindſhip,
Bid Gloceſter thinke of this and he will weepe.
Am. I, milſtones, as he leſſond vs to weepe.
Cla. O, do not ſlander him for he is kinde,
1. Right, as ſnow in haruеſt, thou deceiuſt thy ſelfe,
Tis he that ſent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hudg me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why ſo he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.
Cla. Haſt thou that holy feelling in thy ſoule,
To counſell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne ſoule ſo blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?
Ah ſirs conſider he that ſet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2 What ſhall we do?
Cla. Relent and ſaue your ſoules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly ſauage, and di
My friend, I ſpie ſome pittie in thy lookes:
Oh If thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide and entreate for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not ſerue,
Ile chop thee in the malmeſey But in the next
2 A bloodie deede, and deſperately perform
How faine like Pilate would I waſh my hand,
Of this moſt grieuous guiltie murder done.
1 Why doeſt thou not helpe me?
By heauens the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke the
2 I would he knew that I had ſaued his broth
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine.
1 So do not I, goe coward as thou art:
Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I muſt away,
For this wil out, and here I muſt not ſtay.

Enter King, Queene, Haſtings, Riuers,

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes wor
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Haſtings, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudg
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue,
Haſt. So thriue I as I ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your K
Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.